

In looking forward to next week, to the budget resolution, this is a time where we have an opportunity to look at what the Nation is going to do financially for the coming year. I think it is important we all prepare for this debate. There is a limited amount of time we can debate this issue. There is no limitation on the number of amendments that can be offered. We certainly hope there is not an unlimited number of amendments, but that people will give thought and consideration to the ones that are most important.

The Democrats today are going to take some time to talk about a number of issues, and leading the debate will be the chairman of the Democratic Policy Committee, Senator BYRON DORGAN. When he is called upon, he is going to talk about a number of issues.

The Senator from North Dakota has certainly been a leader on the issue of the Federal Reserve System, and there is no one who has been more articulate when talking about the need to do something about the Federal Reserve System and its secretive nature, and the fact that, as an example, they have a \$3.5 billion slush fund that is there to be used for many other programs in the Federal Government.

There is no need to have the Federal Reserve with this amount of money, this pot of money, this \$3.5 billion that they simply have never used since its inception. This money can be used for education. It can be used for many of the other programs for which we are searching for money. I hope during today we will have a good discussion on issues that are affecting this country and that tomorrow we move forward on the social security earnings legislation.

#### RESERVATION OF LEADER TIME

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the previous order, the leadership time is reserved.

#### MORNING BUSINESS

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the previous order, there will now be a period for the transaction of morning business, with Senators permitted to speak for up to 5 minutes each.

Under the previous order, the time until 2 p.m. shall be under the control of the Senator from Illinois, Mr. DURBIN, or his designee.

The Senator from North Dakota.

Mr. DORGAN. Mr. President, it is my intention to seek recognition for the purpose of making a presentation. My understanding is Senator BYRD has a presentation. I will defer my presentation so that the distinguished Senator from West Virginia can proceed. I ask unanimous consent that I be recognized following the presentation of the Senator from West Virginia.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered. The Senator from West Virginia.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I thank my friend, the very distinguished junior Senator from North Dakota, but he is the dean of the delegation. He served in the House several years.

#### DREAM OF SPRING

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, today, as we observe the arrival of the vernal equinox and, with it, the official arrival of spring, the words of the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge come easily to mind:

All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—  
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—

And Winter slumbering in the open air,  
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!

Washington has turned her smiling face towards spring as well. The roadsides, so recently painted gray-brown with grit and dirt in the wake of receding glaciers of snow mounded up by mastodon plow trucks, have greened again. The brave crocuses have forced their way through the still-cold Earth to offer their first bright promise of warmer weather, the merry forsythia mirrors the Sun's golden light, and the pear and magnolia trees are softening the gray weave of bare branches with their pink and white petals. Washington's famous cherry blossoms will soon be adding their dainty petals to the spring breezes.

It is time for the soft whisper of falling snow to be replaced by the conversational patter of spring rains. It is time for the volume to be turned up from the quiet solos of solitary winter birds to the rousing, full-throated chorus of springtime birdsongs.

I asked the robin, as he sprang  
From branch to branch and sweetly sang,  
What made his breast so round and red;  
Twas "looking at the sun," he said;

I asked the violets, sweet and blue,  
Sparkling in the morning dew,  
Whence came their colors, then so shy;  
They answered, "looking to the sky";

I saw the roses, one by one,  
Unfold their petals to the sun,  
I asked them what made their tints so bright,  
And they answered, "looking to the light";

I asked the thrush, whose silvery note  
Came like a song from angel's throat,  
Why he sang in the twilight dim;  
He answered, "looking up at Him."

We have this full-throated chorus of springtime voices—the violets, the roses, the robin, the thrush, the other bird songs—and it is time to spade up the garden, releasing the intoxicating perfume of rich, moist earth. How my little dog, Billy, loves that scent. He stands watch over the spade as I prepare the ground for my tomatoes, and his ears are pricked up, his tail is wagging, his eyes are shining with anticipation, waiting to chip in with paws flying, heedless of the dirt he will track into the house on his white coat. You see, he is a Maltese. This is Billy

Byrd—Billy Byrd II. I used to have another dog. It was a cocker spaniel, but it was Billy Byrd I.

It is also time to marvel at the mysteries of God's designs as we watch daffodils burn their way through dense layers of last year's leathery leaves in order to put on their bright show. It is time to wonder how a tiny crocus bulb, no larger than a thumbnail and no heavier than a dust-dry clod of earth, can push aside frozen Earth, melt its way through snow or ice, just to put out four colorful petals. I sometimes wonder for whom the crocuses' show is, for surely crocuses bloom too early for even the hardiest bee.

William Shakespeare observed that, "There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners . . . They hold up Adam's profession." There is indeed a kinship among gardeners, whether serious gardeners whose gardens are their lifelong avocation, or the duffer with a few beds who buys plants at the local hardware store each spring. All gardeners are, at heart, optimists. They have to be. This season allows the gardener each year to fall in love all over again, and to wear on his smiling face a dream of spring and of greatness in the garden. He stands outside, shovel in not-yet-blistered hand, and has visions. He sees, not the patchy lawn and unkempt flowerbeds worn by winter, but some grand turf flowing like a green sea between islands of color, Sun, and shade. He foresees the abundance of the garden overflowing from his table to those of his friends and family. In March, it is not possible to truly believe that there will ever be too many tomatoes, too many zucchini, too many cucumbers. Each seed in the brightly colored envelope, each small budding plant, is precious and deserving of an opportunity to grow. Each is a gamble, but a gamble in which the gardener believes the odds are on his side. And why not? God is also on his side. Not all the plants will make it, but enough will, and those survivors will often exceed his most fecund imaginings.

West Virginia is full of master gardeners. Their pantries and cellars are treasure houses filled with jewel-tone quart jars of ruby tomatoes, emerald green beans, and sapphire blueberries. Crystal quilted jelly jars hold not precious unguents, but the ambrosia of the gods—homemade jams, jellies, and preserves distilled from the freshest strawberries, plums, cherries, quinces, apples, and blackberries. West Virginia's home canners are well prepared to cope with the bounteous overflow of the overambitious gardener.

To be a gardener is not only to be optimistic, but also to be patient. If something does not work out this year, there is always a different scheme next year. Over time, even the most scraggly sapling will reach majestic maturity, towering over the landscape and altering the microclimate of the yard